

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 1901.

## How Lincoln Died.

The most notable speech ever made by James A. Garfield was that of a sentence or two at the time of Lincoln's assassination. A frenzied mob had gathered in New York ready to lynch any man suspected of a Southern sympathy. The situation was dangerous. Garfield stepped out on the platform of the custom house. His powerful presence hushed the crowd as he said: 'Fellow Citizens:—Clouds and darkness are around Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds: justice and judgment are the establishment of His Throne mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigneth and the government of Washington still lives.'

The effect was instantaneous. The crowd quieted; the danger was past. Sixteen years later the ending of this speech was telegraphed over the country when its author was lying at the point of death in Washington.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw, and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon Noah Brooks, a correspondent, filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House. Mr. Lincoln told him that he 'had had a notion' of sending for Brooks to go to the theatre that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the places of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J.

The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see 'Our American Cousin' at Ford's theatre, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, the President had 'felt inclined to give up the whole thing,' but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theatre that night, Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

The party that finally went included the President and his wife, Major Henry R. Rathbone and Miss Harris. They were late and as the President entered the box the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.' The play stopped, the audience arose, cheering; the President bowed and the performance proceeded.

Meanwhile Wilkes Booth and his fellow conspirators had made every preparation for the murder. Booth was well known and liked at the theatre. He counted on his address to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box. Once there he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened in the angle of the wall and door so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door through which he might shoot the occupants. He hired a small fleet horse at a livery stable which he showed with pride that day to his friends.

The moon rose at 10 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he called one of his underlings of the theatre to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He went to a saloon, took a drink of brandy and, entering the theatre, passed rapidly through the crowd and made his way to the President's box. He showed his card to a servant and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly and fastened the door with the bar without disturbing any of the occupants of the box who were intent on the play.

although his leg was broken, and turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the state motto of Virginia, Sic Semper Tyrannis.

Major Rathbone shouted, 'stop him,' and the cry went out, 'He has shot the President.' Two or three men jumped out from the audience and went in pursuit, but he ran through the passage ways to the alley, leaped on his horse, kicked the man who had held it for him, and galloped away in the light of the moon which had just risen.

The President scarcely moved; his head dropped slightly; his eyes closed. Major Rathbone hastily unbarred the door and two surgeons entered. They at once pronounced the wound mortal. The President was carried to a small house across the street and laid upon a bed. Mrs. Lincoln was almost distracted and Major Rathbone fainted from loss of blood. Robert Lincoln was sent for and devoted the night to comforting his mother.

The President had been shot a few minutes past 10 o'clock. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his constitution was extraordinary. He was unconscious from the first, but he breathed slowly and regularly throughout the night. As the dawn came and the lamp light grew pale his pulse began to fail. But his face ever then was no more haggard than those of the men about him. His automatic moaning, which had continued throughout the night, ceased; a look of peace came over his features. At twenty-two minutes after 7 o'clock he died. Mr. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside praying. The widow came in from the adjoining room, supported by her son, and cast herself, with a loud cry upon the body.

The news created such consternation as Washington had never known before. Mr. Brooks, the correspondent, gives this account of the event as he recalls it: The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold, with which I was afflicted, and my room mate, McA—, and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 o'clock our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry, or the mounted patrol passed the house which we occupied, on New York avenue, near the State Department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping room in the rear part of the house.

The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, 'Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks, I have dreadful news. I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and woe-be-gone, and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government, had been killed; and that was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room.

'When we had sufficiently collected our selves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if every body was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family.

'The President still lived, but at half past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died twenty two minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15.

'Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep universal mourning. All shops, government departments and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through the streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.

'Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's theatre we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortege passed down the street to the White House every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope and cheer.'

Booth was meanwhile being carried on of danger by his swift horse. He gained the navy yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, persuaded him that he was returning home and was allowed to pass. Herold, another conspirator, followed, and at midnight they arrived at Mrs. Surratt's tavern. Booth, whose broken leg was giving him excruciating pain, remained outside on his horse and Herold went in to get some whisky. Booth refused a carbine that was offered him, and they rode away, leaving word that they had killed the President. They pushed onto the house of Dr. Mudd, confederate sympathizer. He received them kindly, set Booth's leg and kept them till the next night, when they started again for the South.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while, but there is no final escape except suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of recovery increased. Booth and Herold lived the lives of hunted animals for a few days. By this time the assassin had seen the comments of the newspapers and more bitter than death the blow to his vanity. He wrote in his party: 'I struck boldly and not as the papers say. A colonel was at his side. I shouted 'sic semper' before I fired. I am hunted like a dog through swamps and woods. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero.

The course was soon ended, Booth and Herold found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett, but on the night of April 25 a party of cavalry arrested a Confederate soldier whom the conspirators had met and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm. Booth and Herold were sleeping in the barn. When called upon to surrender Booth refused. A parley took place. Booth offered to fight the party at 100 yards and when this was refused, cried out in a theatrical tone. 'Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me. Lieut. Doherty told him he would fire the barn. Upon this Herold came out and surrendered.

The barn was fired and while it was burning Booth, who was clearly visible in the flames, through the cracks of the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition who was afterward confined in a Kansas asylum for the insane. Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered for about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The body of the President was removed from the White House to the capitol with a great military pageant. Here it lay in state and was then removed to Springfield Ill., where it was incased in a mausoleum.

Breaking it Gently.

'What do you want, little boy?'  
'Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?'  
'Yes.'  
'The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?'  
'He is an officer in the bank.'  
'The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a trolley car this morning?'  
'I presume he went on a trolley car

What—'  
'Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?'  
'I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident.'

'Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?'  
'No, my little boy, you frighten me. What has—'

'Didn't hear how he run into a drug store for a piece o' court plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over the eye?'  
'Not at all. For mercy's sake—'  
'He isn't in, is he, ma'am?'  
'No, he's—'

'Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?'  
'Yes, that's his name.'

'Then he's the same man.' He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he stoppin' to have one o' his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, you know.'

'Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now.'

'Well, ma'am, he's in the hospittle with four ribs broke and one leg's in a sling an' his nose is knocked kind of sideways, but he's getting along all right, and he'll be out again in about a month, and here's a letter from the doctor telling ye al about it, ma'am.'

Didn't Reach To H.

The young English tenor had been asked to favor the company with a song, and responded with an interpretation of 'Happy Be Thy Dreams,' in which the singer's antipathy to the letter H was painfully manifest.

'I say, young man,' said a blunt old chap, after the singer had finished, 'you didn't sound a single H, and the song is full of them.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, replied the young man, with freezing dignity, 'you are mistaken; it doesn't go any higher than G.'

NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nerveine. Thomas Hoskins, of Durban, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed direction, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

One Of Wellington's Officers.

On good authority soldiers like best to be officered by gentlemen, but they have their choice of the type. Of the right kind was General Crawford, the leader of the Light Division.

A happening during one of the Wellington wars, shows him to have been rich in that justice which commands respect from equals and loyalty from inferiors; in a word, he kept discipline without regard to rank.

His division was crossing a ford on one of the Spanish marches, and an officer, to keep his breeches dry, rode through on a soldiers back. Crawford observed the thing with disgust, and in a minute was splashing through the water after them both.

'Put him down, sir! he shouted. Put him down! I desire you to put that officer down instantly!

The soldier dropped his burden, and went on.

## FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S  
OIL COLORS,  
WATER COLORS,  
CANVAS,  
etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL  
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

## Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY

Return back, sir, Crawford said to the officer, and go through the water like the others. I will not allow my officers to ride upon the mens backs through the rivers; all must take their share alike here.

TAKE ONE of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating. Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant. This effective little pill is supplanting all the old school nauseous purgatives. 40 doses, 10 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Convincing.

The methods employed by ex Governor Throckmorton of Texas to make clear the claims of his clients were perhaps unlike those of any other lawyer, but they often carried conviction with them.

At one time he was defending a man who was on trial for murder in Gainesville, Texas. He desired to make it plain to the jury that the man whom his client killed, although in his shirt-sleeves and without a pistol pocket, might have been well armed.

'Can you see any signs of arms about me?' demanded the general, taking off his coat, and standing before the jurors.

'Watch me!' he said, dramatically, and with that he proceeded to draw a pistol from under each arm, one from each boot leg, and from the back of his neck a bowie knife of most sinister aspect.

KIDNEY DUTY.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

An Animate Fancy.

My grandmother, says Mrs. Gillespie in 'a Book of Remembrance,' was a woman with a keen sense of humor and a ready wit.

She was awakened one night by a noise in the room; sitting up in bed, she saw a rat eating the candle which stood in the chimney place; she aroused her husband, who said sleepily;

'My dear, there is no rat; it is conceit.' with four legs and a tail.'

Sleepy as he was this witty speech drew my grandfather from his bed, and the rat's doom was sealed.

A Lazy physician, who had been out shooting, on coming home complained that his luck had been very bad, and wound up by saying—'I didn't kill anything.' That's because you didn't stay at home and attend to your legitimate business! spitefully retorted his wife.

THOSE WORRYING PILES!—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—Sold by A. C. Smith.

First Guest—'Won't you join me in requesting Miss Squaller to recite?' Second Guest—'But I don't like recitations. First Guest—'Neither do I; but if she doesn't recite, she'll sing, and that will be infinitely worse.'

THAT CUTTING ACID that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by A. C. Smith.

THAT he who reads may run—'Look out for the dog.'

'WHAT a slender little thing she is.' Yes, but you'd be surprised if you were to see some of the big men she has thrown over.'

'Do you work for the poor?' asked the philanthropist. 'Oh! yes, indeed; indefatigably, replied the society bud, with enthusiasm. 'Why, I make it a point to go to every charity ball that is given.'

## Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.